

Dr. Kitchiner to Harley

My dear Sir

Pray lend me, the  
Philosopher Stewart's Life - I  
will return it to you whenever  
you wish - - - In the course of

next week I shall have the  
pleasure of bringing you - the Ap-  
pendix to my new Edition of  
the Cook's Oracle - - I am

My dear Sir,  
with real regard -

Yours always  
W. Kitchiner

Dr. Kitchiner

Harley



DSI



My dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in sending  
you a copy of my first, but shall not feel  
confident that I have had a safe delivery till you  
speak well of it - all that is wished is, that you  
will not put the extinguisher of your criticism upon  
it - or make light of it - If you resolve to  
crush the beast, kill it as gently, as my father  
would have done an oyster - No thief likes to



be hung, but he may still feel that he deserves  
death - so neither should I like to be literary  
defunct, although meriting to be so - I would  
wish to earn an honest penny - If you spoke  
much of me & mine, I might - "Praise from  
Sir Hubert Stanley, 'praise indeed' - as say

I from Mr Jordan -

Believe me

My dear Sir

Very truly yours

William B. Pittenger

44 Walton Street

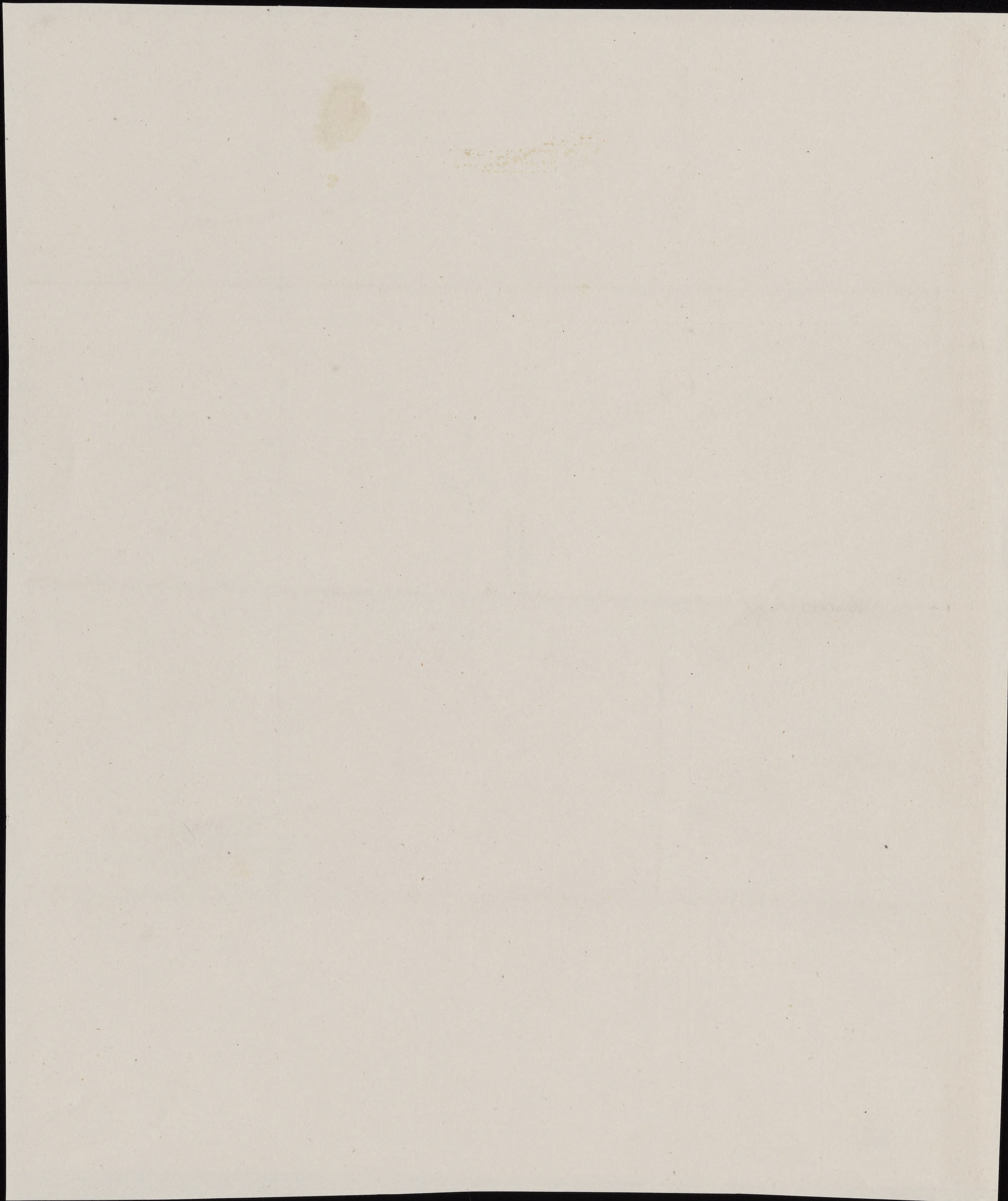
Belmont, N.Y.



Mr. B. Pickens

- Jordan Esq  
==







Kitchener's (Dr.) Cook's Oracle, 12mo.  
new, boards, 5s 6d ..... 1831

**D**R. KITCHINER'S ZEST.—This incomparable flavour for soups, gravies, made-dishes, game, poultry, stewed fish, &c., the sole invention of the late Dr. Kitchiner, and repeatedly mentioned by him in the "Cook's Oracle," is now prepared from the Doctor's original recipe, and likewise sold, by JAMES BUTLER, herbalist and seedsman, Covent-garden Market, who respectfully solicits the attention of the public to his WRITTEN signature on the label of each bottle, without which none are genuine. The Zest is particularly adapted for families travelling, imparting its delicious taste on immediate application. It will keep for any time, in any climate.—Sold also by Messrs. Knight and Sons, 83, Gracechurch street; Mr. Hickson, 72, Weibeck-street; Mr. Lazenby, 46, Lamb's-conduit-street; Mr. G. Barron, 88, Oxford-street; and at most Italian warehouses in the kingdom. In bottles, 2s. 6d. each. 1029.

*April. 1827*

**DEATH OF DR. KITCHINER.**—This eccentric but truly amiable man died suddenly at one o'clock on Tuesday morning. For a few previous days he had laboured under a slight indisposition, which, however, gave his friends no reason to apprehend any melancholy result. He had been dining with Mr. BRAHAM, and returned home about 11 o'clock, when he was seized with a palpitation of the heart, a complaint to which he was subject; after lying on a sofa for half an hour, he felt better, and went to bed, where he was attacked still more violently. At his own request a little brandy was administered, when he turned his head, heaved three sighs, and expired. He has left behind him one of the most valuable musical libraries in the kingdom, consisting of the works of most of our native composers, ancient and modern. He composed several pieces of music, particularly in the Opera of *Ivanhoe*, which have been most favourably received.—An inquest was held on Wednesday, and the evidence of his servants having corroborated the above statement, the Jury returned a verdict "died by the visitation of God."



DSI



Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,  
 Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?  
 Ye over desert and deep have pass'd—  
 So shall *we* reach our bright home at last!

## The Sketch-Book.

No. XXXI.

### TELLING STORIES.

It is a pleasant thing to hear a good story; but it is much pleasanter to hear a story well told. Livy and Tacitus have interested us in the history of Rome; Thucydides and Herodotus have made Grecian history a delightful study; and, for one book that is read, for the sake of its subject, ten are read for the sake of their authors. Style is the gilding that makes half the world swallow the pill of knowledge.

The Arabs and Turks are story-loving nations; and if we may judge from the popularity of novels, in our own country, we are not much behind them in that passion; but we have not the amusement, in which they so much delight, of hearing extempore novels and romances, whose interest is increased by the delightful and teasing suspense of the narrator's leaving off in the midst, or when the curiosity is excited to the highest pitch, and promising to renew the tale next day:—just as the stories were divided, in the *Lady's Magazine*, about thirty years ago.

Yet we love the company of those who have the conversational art of telling a good story, or, more properly speaking, telling a story well. How few have this envied talent. Some narrators have one mode of spoiling a story, and some have another.

It is very bad policy to begin a laughable story with laughing; it may be a kind of characteristic overture, but it always spoils the effect. Horace has somewhere said something about exciting tears by tears. "*Si vis me flere, &c.*" but this same principle is not applicable to laughing.

The circumstantial story-teller dilutes his entertainment in a deluge of words, leads you round and round, goes back again to correct errors, and makes a kind of minuet dance of his narrative, except that there is nothing graceful in it. He delights in digressions and leaves nothing unexplained or unauthenticated. Take a specimen.

Last Wednesday three weeks, when I was on a visit to — stop, did I say *three weeks*? Yes, no, no, it must have been that—well, but that don't signify. As I was saying—I was on a visit

to —. You know — what an entertaining man he is—it seems but the other day we were at school together, at old — ah, those were happy days? well while I was at his house, who should come in but young — his nephew—he that married Miss — of — in Norfolk—you must remember her very well—she was at school at — at — dear me what's the name of the place?

And so on—I might fill half a dozen numbers of the MIRROR, if I were to give you one of these circumstantial digressional narratives at full length.

Sometimes, again, we are entertained with a story that *was* so entertaining:—only somehow or other, the best part of it has been forgotten. Then we are told, that there was something more, but the narrator does not exactly recollect; and perhaps memory has no assistance from invention and then he laughs very heartily at what he laughed at before, and he expects your imagination to supply what his recollection had lost.

Worse, still, are they who, by a very regular, sober, and promising beginning, promise something worth hearing, and at last fly off in a tangent, saying, I have forgotten the rest. This is inflicting a double injury; it is a cruel disappointment of expectation, and a most barbarous loss of time.—*Aut perforce aut nunquam tenta.*

Have any of our readers ever been amused with two persons telling, or attempting to tell, the same story, both in a breath? One stops; and the other stops—"Well, if you can tell the story better, tell it." "Oh, no! I know nothing about it, you had better tell it yourself." So, after a decent time spent in coquetting about it, one begins, and goes on a little way, and but a little. "Here," says the other, "I am sure that's wrong." Then the poor hearer must listen to a long, and generally bitter discussion of some point of chronology, or some diversity of expression, or some succession of events, which, in nine cases out of ten have little or nothing to do with the story.—There is one advantage in this; for, if the matter is to be kept secret, it is pretty safe when communicated in this duet style; as it is no easy matter to remember what cannot be understood.

### WONDERFUL MEMORY.

(For the Mirror.)

THOMAS FULLER, author of the *Worthies of England*, had a very remarkable memory, he would repeat five hundred



strange and unconnected words after twice hearing them; and a sermon, verbatim, after he had heard it once; he undertook, after passing from Temple Bar to the farthest part of Cheapside and back again, to mention all the signs then over the shops, as they stood in order, on both sides of the streets, repeating them backwards and forwards, and performed the task with great exactness. P. T. W.

---

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

THE vesper bells are ringing  
In yonder ancient tower;  
The funeral hymn is singing—  
'Tis midnight's lonely hour.  
The gentle breeze is sleeping,  
The moon sends forth her charms;  
His watch thy lover's keeping—  
Come, Emma, to his arms.

To meet thee in the bower  
I've wander'd many a mile;  
'Tis past the appointed hour,  
Come, bless me with a smile.  
For thy dear sake I've left  
My father's splendid halls;  
Haste, love, of fear bereft—  
'Tis Henry now that calls.

H. K.

---

Select Biography.

No. LI.

---

DR KITCHINER.

THIS gentleman, than whom, perhaps, there was not an individual in our populous city more generally known, died very suddenly on Monday, February 26, 1827, at midnight, after having returned home, about an hour, to Warren street, from a dinner party at Mr. Braham's. He had been in uncommonly good spirits during the afternoon, and enjoyed the company to a later hour than his usually very early habits allowed. In general very silent and timid in his manner, on this occasion, among other pleasures, the talents of his host, and the merriment created by Mr. Mathews' rehearsing some of his new comic entertainments, seemed greatly to exhilarate the worthy doctor, insomuch, that he forgot his reserve, and, in his turn, amused the party with some of his whimsical reasons for inventing odd things and giving them odd names. For, Dr. K. was completely what is called a Character. His appearance, his dress, his usages, his person, were all peculiar and quaint: but it must be said, at the same time, that kindness of heart, benevolence of disposition, and a firm integrity in the graver affairs of the world,

threw an ample and covering mantle over his innocent eccentricities and human frailties. Many a one connected with music, the drama, and the fine arts, are under weighty obligations to him for the interest he has taken in their welfare; and many a brighter and abler man might fall out of our circle, in a moment, as he has done, without causing such a blank to be felt, or exciting so much regret. He was, in appearance, about sixty;\* and was partly educated at Eton. His fortune was independent.

The writings of Dr. Kitchiner bear a striking resemblance to his ways of life; and are a curious mixture of sense and observation with little absurdities and singularity. His subjects have been of the most various kinds;—his *Practical Observations* and other works on *Telescopes*—*Cooks' Oracle*—*Pleasure of Making a Will*—*Housekeeper's Economy*—&c. &c., are books familiar to the reader; and at this period there are nearly ready for publication, the *Traveller's Oracle*, and the *Horse and Carriage-Keeper's Oracle*, both (for we have seen parts of them) equal to their predecessors for mixed utility and whimsicality. To conclude this brief notice, we may express a wish, which we are sure will be responded to by every person of the very numerous body in whose society the individual we have just lost passed his days; that whenever we meet with an eccentric man, he may add to his eccentricities the harmlessness, kindness, and good qualities of Doctor William Kitchiner.

---

Since we wrote the foregoing, we have been favoured with the following additions by an intimate of ours and of the deceased:—

In this age, when the customs of society so generally demand prescribed ceremonies and forms in visiting, ill suited to men of studious habits, the loss of such a man will be widely felt. Who, after the mental toils of the day, can endure to dress at five, to go out at six, to waste, perhaps, an hour in the drawing room, till all the guests arrive; then, arm in arm, to esquire some stranger partner down a chilly staircase to a freezing parlour, to partake of a sumptuous, cold-hot dinner?

These matters were better intended at the board of my late friend. His welcome was frank and sincere, his fare was good, his dishes were cooked according to his own maxims—they were served orderly,

---

\* According to his own statement he was only forty-eight; but his dread of death was so constant and imposing that this might be a sort of self-deluding ruse, to be guile the fell tyrant.



On the 27th ult. in Warren street, Fitzroy square, Wm. Kitchener, M.D. in his 51st year, of a disease of the heart. He had dined at Mr Braham's, and returned home ill at 11 at night. Before 12 o'clock, he rang the bell violently, and told his servant to get him some warm brandy and water, and hasten for a surgeon. Mr Robins was immediately fetched, but Dr Kitchener was dead when he arrived, and the attempt to bleed him was ineffectual. The Doctor was the Author of a book on Cookery, and other works, and is said to have belonged to that numerous body of worthies called "heavy feeders," whose lives, we suspect, are often short, and *not* merry.

#### SUDDEN DEATH OF DR. KITCHENER.

Yesterday morning, at 10 o'clock, an inquest was held at the sign of the Marquis Cornwallis, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, on the cause of the death of Dr. Kitchener.

Mr. Robins, surgeon, of 137, Tottenham-court-road, had known deceased for some years past. He was a doctor of medicine, but was not in practice. Witness attended him professionally, and knew him to be affected with a disease of the heart. He was also subject to frequent spasmodic affections, which witness considered would one day or other terminate his existence. For the last fortnight he appeared much worse, and on Monday, by desire of witness, went out to dine with Mr. Braham; he (Mr. Robins) thinking company might rouse him from a depression of spirits under which he appeared labouring. At eight o'clock that evening he called at the house of deceased; but finding him not returned, he supposed him better, and went home. At 12 o'clock he was called up by Dr. Kitchener's footman, who begged him to come instantly, as his master was dying. He hastened to the house with all speed, and found deceased quite dead. An attempt to bleed him was quite ineffectual. Dr. Kitchener often declared to witness that he knew his disorder would take him off suddenly. He was in continual fear of death.

In answer to questions from the jury, Mr. Robins said, that the doctor had not practised medicine for a considerable time. He had devoted his time to other pursuits, principally literary. He had published *The Cook's Oracle, An Essay on Telescopes*, a large collection of national songs, particularly those by Dibdin, and various other works.

William Antiss, footman to the deceased, came home with his master about 11 o'clock on Monday night, and on letting him out of his carriage, thought something more than common was the matter with him. They almost immediately went to their apartments, and before 12 o'clock witness was alarmed by the loud ringing of his master's bedroom bell. On reaching the apartment he found the housekeeper there, who begged him to send up some warm water and brandy, and hasten for the surgeon, as she feared his master was dying. He immediately fetched Mr. Robins. His master had given directions, that whenever he should be taken ill, his feet might be bathed in warm water, and a little brandy administered.

mony of the last witness.

After viewing the body, the jury, under the direction of the Coroner, returned a verdict, "that the deceased died by the visitation of God."

The late Dr. Kitchener was the son of an eminent coal-merchant in the Strand, who was patronized by the then Minister, Lord Shelburne, and, through this nobleman's powerful influence, pursued his business very prosperously, supplying most of the Government offices of that day. When he died, he transmitted the handsome fortune which he had honourably acquired (between 60,000*l.* and 70,000*l.*) to his only son, the late Dr. Kitchener.—*Evening paper.*

Dr. Kitchener was married many years ago, but a separation soon ensued. His wife, by whom he had no family, is still living. A natural son, who has been educated at Cambridge, inherits the bulk of his property. The Doctor's will, made about sixteen years since, is as remarkable for its eccentricity as any of the productions of the testator; and it is said that another, making some serious alterations in the disposal of his property, was intended for signature on the Wednesday following the night on which he died.

His remains were interred in the family vault at the Church of St. Clement Danes, but it has been announced that a monument will be erected to his memory in the new church of St. Pancras, in which parish he had long resided.

This amiable and useful man possessed the estimable virtue of never speaking ill of any one: on the contrary, he was a great lover of conciliation, and to many he proved a valuable adviser and firm friend. In manners he was quiet, and apparently timid. As we have said, however, he had three grand hobbies,—cookery, music, and optics, and whenever he entered upon either of them he was full, cheerful, and even eloquent.

#### William Kitchener, M.D.

The doctor inherited his fortune from his father, and which, by prudence and good management, (qualities which he enforced in his writings,) enabled him to open his hospitable door to a vast circle of friends, mostly persons distinguished for genius, learning, or science; and to maintain a table, and furnish forth such frequent banquets, as few others with could furnish with thrice his income.

His Tuesday evening parties brought together a coterie of talent, such as were wont to assemble in times past—professors and amateurs of all the sciences and all the polite arts; and such was the tact of the host, that this general intercourse was shackled by none of those frivolous or invidious distinctions which too often in convenience the studious, in mixing with society. Here the wealthy private gentleman, seated on the sofa with the unassuming artist, sipped his coffee, engaged in that delightful intercourse, which, exciting mutual interest, felt not the tedium too common in general society; and the long winter night too soon spedded to eleven, the prescribed hour of departure.

That the Doctor had his eccentricities and his humours, his friends well knew; but the indulgence of these foibles were little aberrations that wounded no feelings; or if they produced momentary mislikings to any one of his guests, he was prompt to make reparation; and his repentant smile instantly propitiated forgive us.

He ordered his studies with more fastidious precision than is customary with the independent notions of genius, which are obnoxious to rules. He kept a slate in his hall, prescribing thereon his hours for receiving visitors. Many who knocked at his door thought these humours strange; but no one who knew the doctor, felt offended, even though not admitted. Some favoured few, however, were on what he termed his free-list. To such he was always accessible. He was to many a sagacious adviser and a steady friend; not, however, as far as we know, with the purse as well as the counsel.

For the regulation of his evening conversations, he had a placard over his parlour chimney piece, inscribed "Come at seven, go at eleven." It is said that the witty author of *my*

*Night Gown and Slippers*, being introduced to the Doctor, on one of his evenings, and reading this admonition, found an opportunity to insert the pronoun *It*, which materially altered the reading, "Come at seven, go *it* at eleven."

In these social meetings, at half past nine the Doctor's servant gave the signal for supper: when the party happened to be limited to eight or ten, then, who objected, to take other than the tea and coffee, departed; and those who remained, descended to the parlour to partake of his friendly fare. A cold joint, a lobster salad, and some little entremets, usually formed the summer repast; and in winter some nicely cooked little hot dishes were spread upon the board, with wine, liqueurs, a variety of excellent ales, and other choice stores, from his well-stocked cellar; and served to polish an hour's entertaining chat.

Such



Such were the orderly habits prevailing at these evening parties, that some considerate guest would observe, "tis on the stroke of eleven;" when hats, umbrellas, &c. being brought in, the Doctor attending them to the street door, first looking at the stars, with a cordial shake of the hand, and a hearty good night, his company departed.

The last time his doors were opened to his guests happened on Tuesday, the 20<sup>th</sup> of February. He, latterly, was in the habit of inviting a few friends to dine on the evening of his conversation. Conformably to this arrangement, the dinner was announced at five minutes after five. As the first three that were bidden entered his drawing-room, he received them seated at his grand piano-forte, and struck up, "See the conquering hero comes!" accompanying the air, by placing his feet on the pedals, with a peal on the kettle drums beneath the instrument.

Four *vrais bons vivans* would not, perhaps, envy the guests, who on these occasions were constrained to quit the bottle at seven;—but, without detailing the concluding scene which ended this pleasant meeting, it is enough to say, that with it the hospitable door was closed for ever on Dr. Kitchener's friendly convergations.

Dr. K. was completely, was is called a Character. His appearance, his dress, his usages, his person, were all peculiar and quaint: but it must be said, at the same time, that kindness of heart, benevolence of disposition, and a firm integrity into the graver affairs of the world, threw an ample mantle and covering mantle over his innocent eccentricities and human frailties. Many a one connected with music, the drama, and the fine arts, are under weighty obligations to him for the interest he has taken in their welfare: and many a brighter and abler man might fall out of an circle, in a moment, as he has done, without causing such a blank to be felt, or exciting so much regret.

He was partly educated at Eton. His fortune was independent.

The writings of Dr. Kitchener bear a strong resemblance to his ways of life; and are a curious mixture of sense and observation with little absurdities and singularities. His subjects have been of the most various kinds;—his *Practical Observations* and other works on *Telescopes*—*Cook's Oracle*—*Pleasure of making a Will*—*Housekeeper's Economy*—&c. &c. are books familiar to the reader; and at this period (1827-March) there are nearly ready for publication, the *Traveller's Oracle*, and the *Horse and Carriage-Keeper's Oracle*.





# AUTOGRAPHE

de

*Kitchener*

*William*

## OBSERVATIONS

1./ L.a.s. 1 p.80, o.O.u.D., mit eigh.  
Adresse an Harley, bittet um Ueber-  
sendung des Werkes „Das Leben des  
Philosophen Stewart“ und ver-  
spricht die Sendung des Nachtrages  
zu der neuen Auflage des Buches  
„Cooks Oracel“, seinem ausgezeich-  
neten Kochbuch.  
/Aus Sammlung Löwenfeld ./

K i t c h e n e r William.

Dr.Med.,pract.Arzt in London  
/An.R. 1827/,

geb. 1777 etwa ... London  
gest. 1827 Febr.27,London

Practical observation on  
telescopes / anonym/, Lond.1815.  
Observations on vocal music, Ib.  
1822.The economy of the eyes.  
Pt.I.On the subject in general  
and on spectacles,opera glasses.  
Pt.II.Of telescopes,Ib.1825.On  
the sizes best adapted for  
achromatic glasse /Phil.Mag.  
XLVI,1815/.





